

dred dollars. You incurred his enmity. Since that time he has kept the original judgments alive. In his mean malice he has hunted you from place to place. If you get work, he put his claim in legal hands and gets you out of it. Twice he has sold out your few poor household holdings. The duty of our firm ends in handing you the papers giving you possession of the farm, but I can surmise that this leech, this miser, Andrews, will soon find you out."

"He surely will!" groaned Naylor.

"I propose, therefore, that you make out an agreement in your name to hold the farm subject to his claim, to be paid off in small monthly instalments. I will take it to him and intercede for a respite."

"But if he refuses?"

"I will guarantee the payments myself."

"You are a good man, and surely Heaven will bless you!"

All the way on his return journey Ernest Brill recalled those words of grateful benison. His earnest soul had been roused by the misfortunes of the old man he had befriended. It was just at dusk when he reached Elsdon. From here he took the trolley for Hartville, the little city where he knew John Andrews lived.

The car was filled with a gay chattering group of young people bent on a theater party at Hartville. There was only one vacant seat. That was beside a young girl modestly attired. She presented a vivid contrast in her plain but scrupulously clean dress to the fashionably attired misses about her. As he lifted his hat and sat down beside the young lady he heard the tittering, sneering words:

"Little Miss Dimity!"

The girl heard it, too, flushed a trifle and then paid no further attention to it. Ernest did not feel warranted in addressing her. He could not help but notice, however, the neatly mended gloves his seat mate wore, the somewhat shabby handbag in her lap. Suddenly there was a jar,

the car stopped. Inside of five minutes those aboard knew that a wreck ahead would block the track for at least four hours, with no station within ten miles.

The petty natures of the fashionable crowd were soon manifested in loud complaints and abuse of the trainmen. The demure, dignified girl in the dimity dress took in the delay and inconvenience like the little lady that she was. Somehow a conversation began between them. Then Ernest brought her a drink of water from a near farmhouse. It was nearly midnight when they reached Hartville. He secured a cab at her request. They parted, but with a queer longing at his heart Ernest Brill realized that it would be many a day before he would forget "Little Miss Dimity."

He recalled with a vivid memory the sweet sympathetic face of the impressible young girl when she listened to the story of old Mr. Naylor which had drifted into their casual conversation. It was ten o'clock the next morning when Ernest reached the Andrews home.

"Mr. Andrews—Mr. John Andrews," he spoke to the servant who answered at the door.

"Why, sir, have you not heard?" asked the servant, with a strange stare. "Mr. Andrews died last week."

"You startle me," exclaimed Ernest, quite shocked at the unexpected intelligence. "It was on business that I came. Can you direct me to those in charge of his estate?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Mallory, his lawyer, is in the library with Miss Nelson. She is a distant relative Mr. Andrews left his estate, to, sir."

"Please take in my card."

"This way, sir," spoke the servant a moment later, and Ernest was ushered into the presence of a dignified looking gentleman and—Little Miss Dimity!

He stood somewhat dumfounded. He recalled his conversation with the welcoming young lady before him